He (in good time) must his Leiutenant be,
And I Sir (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Ancient.
Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iag. But ther's no remedy,
Tis the curſe of ſeruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heire to the firſt:
Now ſir be iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I, in any iuſt tearme am affin'd
to loue the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iag. O ſir, content you,
I follow him to ſerue my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truely followed, you ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his maſters Aſſe,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old caſhierd,
Whip mee ſuch honeſt knaues:
Others there are,
Who trim'd in formes and viſſages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts, attending on themſelues,
And throwing but ſhewes of ſeruice on their Lords;
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themſelues homage,
Thoſe fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one do I profeſſe my ſelfe,---for ſir,
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, tis not long after,

But

But I will weare my heart vpon
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune doe
If he can carry't thus?
Iag. Call vp her father,
Rowſe him, make after him, poy
Proclaime him in the ſtreet, inc
And tho he in a fertile climate d
Plague him with flyes: tho that
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexa
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rod. Here is her fathers houſ
Iag. Doe with like timerous
As when by night and negligen
Is ſpied in populous Cities.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Se
Iag. Awake, what ho, *Braba*
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your houſe, your Daug
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio *at*

Bra. What is the reaſon of th
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your fami
Iag. Are your doores lockt?
Bra. Why wherefore aske y
Iag Sir you are robd, for ſhau
Your heart is burſt you haue loſt
Euen now, very now, an old blac
Is tupping your white Ewe; ariſ
Awake the ſnorting Citizens wit
Or elſe the Dinell will make a G
Bra. What, haue you loſt you
Rod. Moſt reuerend Seignior,
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.